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THE SPIRIT OF '76 FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

BY GAIUS PADDOCK,

THE GRANDSON OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT.

“They marched with measured step
To the stirring sound of fife and drum;
Their war cry was heard upon the sky,
We'll fight for liberty until we die.”

In the early morning of April, 1775, as the sun's rays were lighting up the hills in northern Massachusetts, a woman, the wife of Gen. Israel Putnam, mounted on a swift horse, her hair and head dress fluttering in the wind, was seen riding with utmost speed, spurred on by the importance of her mission of arousing the scattered settlements of the section. She reined up her weary horse at a well known house and her clarion call soon brought to her side some of the inmates. In excited tones she said: “They have fired at Concord on our kindred and killed our friends. General Putnam is arranging to go at once. Who will help to save our liberties and our lives? We must act at once.” Gaius Paddock, a lad of sixteen, son of Zachariah and Martha Washburn Paddock, stepped forward and said: “I will go quickly,” and before the setting of the sun he and his companions of the neighborhood were gathered at the near-by school house. It was a sleepless night for many of the people in the vicinity. The men and boys were busy putting the old flint lock muskets and pistols in order, the women were helping to mould bullets and hunting up powder horns and buckskin pouches. Old scythes were put into the blacksmith's hands and every other implement that could be used as a weapon of defense was collected and put in the hands of those who would be ready for departure the next morning. Hastily partings were made all through the night to bid farewell.

The spirit of patriotism was awakened throughout the land. The patriots were profoundly impressed with the righteousness of the cause for which they were pledging their lives and all they held dear, with a fixed determination to die fighting for liberty, knowing they were soon to engage

in deadly conflict with soldiers well disciplined and armed with approved weapons of destruction. It surely took courage to dare to face veterans so completely equipped and organized—nothing could discourage them although armed as they were only with antiquated weapons. They were firmly convinced that victory would be won by the righteousness of their cause. Their watchword was: "In God we trust."

When the sun rose next morning young Paddock was marching in Captain Wood's company to join Colonel Armond's regiment in Boston. The muster roll of this noted company is still preserved in Washington together with those of many other organizations known as the "Green Mountain Boys," owing largely to their youthful appearance. The given names of the larger part of the company to which I have referred were of Biblical origin, the soldiers being mainly of Puritan descent. Their parents believed in perpetuating the names that had come down in their families through generations. While the company to which the hero of this article was attached underwent many changes by death and disabilities, no shirking or desertions took place during the seven years of the conflict. They never failed to do their full duty at all times. But few of those who enlisted when the company was formed lived to be mustered out at the close of the war. The soldier mentioned remained to the end refusing to return notwithstanding that father and mother, who were quite aged, sent at times substitutes with clothes and money, entreating him to return on a furlough, but he refused all their appeals and remained to the close. The reward for his steadfastness, in part, was the winning of the daughter of his Captain for his wife. Of his personal adventures and encounters during the war, worth relating, I have only the record of a few which will be given later on. But he was fully conscious of having performed his duty to his God and his country that liberty might not perish from the earth.

It was the spirit of righteousness that prompted the men of this period to lay aside the duties of their daily lives and march forth in defense of their lives and liberties, and the homes of the loved ones who looked to them for protection and support. It required courage, character and a firm belief in the justice of their cause. It required the sacrifice

of their personal ease and comfort, and separation from the homes they loved. But they counted these things as nothing and answered promptly the call to arms. It required no conscription or second call. They knew their duty and did it, as is shown by their devotion during the entire eight years of the Revolutionary conflict. To recount the many conflicts with defeats and disappointments which they encountered, with traitors in camp, Tories at home and throughout the country is unnecessary; the pages of history are open to all. Yet I should be false to a sacred duty if due praise were not given to the patriotic, heroic women for the many daring deeds of courage and devotion of which they were the continuing exemplars. They knew of but one duty and that was to uphold and sustain the soldiers at the front and at other posts of danger. Personal and perilous adventures on their part were of daily occurrence. I am unable to recall the details as given me by my grandmother and my aunts of these heroic acts, but I know there were many women as brave and daring as Molly Pitcher, who faced death in battle without fear and with all the spirit of the Maid of Orleans.

After the surrender of the British army at Yorktown and the establishment of peace the hero of this narrative returned to his home to enjoy the liberty he had helped to win. He resumed the avocations of the farm and wedded the idol of his heart who had been faithful to the vow made on the eve of the eventful day when he marched away in 1775. Nothing of unusual interest or importance happened in the next forty years of my grandparents' lives. They were busy with the duties of farm life and the welfare of their fast-increasing family until their great adventure, here recorded, which was the opening of another life to be spent in a far-distant land.

In the early dawn of a bright September day in 1815 the quiet valley of the beautiful Sharon, near Woodstock, on Chreshey River, Vermont, was astir with the hurried movements of a large number of the inhabitants who were vastly interested in the departure of one of its most favored citizens and his family for the far west, which was then but little known except to the pioneers who were closely following the

Indians who were being driven across the Mississippi. The family referred to was that of Gaius Paddock, the soldier of the Revolution, previously mentioned, and his wife, Polly Wood, daughter of the husband's former Captain, Josiah Wood, and a brave and devoted woman. Their family consisted of eight daughters and two sons. All the family were among the argonauts except the eldest daughter who with her husband and two children expected to follow them if conditions were favorable.

One son-in-law, Pascal P. Enos, had married Salome, the third daughter, a few days before their departure. To her was intrusted the record of the various events of the journey and to her I am indebted for the story in detail as here written. Much anxiety was felt by their relatives and friends at home who thought the removal a risky and hazardous undertaking. A change of location from this peaceful locality to a far-away and unknown country was an unusual occurrence. It involved the severance of ties endeared by relationship and long association. But to the brave soldier and his trusted mate, who had fully considered the outlook, the removal was a change from the rocky, barren hills of New England to a more fertile region. The Captain of this little band of adventurers aided by the wise counsel of his wife, felt confident that they were justified in the undertaking. While they were unable to locate the exact destination, they decided, from vague reports that had reached them, that the fertile valley of the Mississippi was the most favorable section in which to locate their future home. They were cheered and encouraged by the hope that a great future in agricultural, commercial and industrial development awaited the valley of the great river.

Their earthly possessions were closely packed in three covered wagons; one carriage with teams and four riding horses. When this procession was in line for departure it presented quite a novel and formidable appearance. The cost of the outfit had lightened their purses and, at the same time, gladdened their hearts. As this cavalcade slowly disappeared over the hills they took the last look at the home which had sheltered them from the birth of several of the

younger members of the family and had been the abiding places of the others. This home was located at the foot of Mount Tom, a most picturesque spot and endeared by the sacred memories which cluster round the hallowed hearth. They felt keenly the severing of associations with loved relatives and friends. A shade of sadness for a time clouded the hopeful expectations of these far-west adventurers but was soon dispelled by the changing scenes and the novelty of camp life. Quite a lengthy procession of friends that had accompanied them for a few hours, at length turned back to their homes after bidding them a long farewell. Their hearts were saddened by the parting but consoled by the hope that their loss would be the gain of their departing friends. The argonauts continued their westward journey through the States of Vermont and part of Massachusetts and into New York. They crossed the Hudson at Poughkeepsie and thence in a southwest direction to the battlefields of New Jersey. They rested there on Sunday and the day following to visit and listen to the story of the sufferings of the soldiers at Valley Forge and their heroism in the various Revolutionary conflicts. The Captain forcibly called to their minds the fact that the officers and soldiers all suffered alike without a murmur or complaint. They were all vastly interested as the narrator pointed out the spot made memorable to him by his own experiences. "Here," he said, "is where an officer on horseback showed me a kindness I shall never forget. I was struggling in deep snow, cold, hungry, and scantily clothed. I had been out on a foraging and reconnoitering expedition. The officer riding alongside, hailed me and said, 'Boy, get on behind me. Gladly accepting his offer I was soon at the headquarters of Washington and remained at his request over night. I was fortunate enough to overhear some of the conversation that occurred. I was standing leaning against a tree with my arm resting above my head to steady myself, my flesh was visible through the tattered clothing, but unmindful of discomfort I listened intently to the expressions of the officers. Washington was calm and self-possessed, but showed much feeling. He said: 'We will never despair. We will never surrender. We will fight on until the last one of the brave youths, like the one

standing yonder, are offered up on the altar of liberty and our freedom obtained. It is well worth the sacrifices we are making. It is much better to die fighting than to be enslaved or be hung as we might be if we failed to obtain our liberties. It was the justice of their cause and the sufferings they were enduring that were binding them more firmly together as the struggle went on and with God's help would succeed."

Words like these served to help and strengthen officers and soldiers alike who had not lost faith in the cause for which they had pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. None of them wavered or questioned the final result although it looked almost hopeless to many. They all had fully considered the consequences if they failed as expressed by Franklin, when he signed the Declaration of Independence: "Now," he said as he laid down the pen, "we must all hang together or we will be sure to hang separately."

The heroism, the devotion and the dauntless courage of the patriots in the long struggle for independence are matters of history and so well known to the general reader as to necessitate no repetition here. Suffice it to say that under the peerless leadership of Washington final success eventually perched on the banners of the new Republic and the war-worn warriors returned to their homes to enjoy the blessings of peace which their valor had won. And among them was the hero of this story who on this pilgrimage lived over again the campaigns in which he had taken so splendid a part. It is a sacred duty at this present time to rally to the support of the principles for which the soldiers of the Revolution fought and rescue the country from the enemies from within that are imperiling the safety of the government. Washington's orders at that time were: "Put none but Americans on guard," and the sentiment is as good today as when he promulgated it. And who are the guardsmen of this day and generation?

After they had rested a few days at historic Valley Forge and vicinity our travelers continued their journey, stopping a short time in the City of Brotherly Love and examining the places of interest connected with the Revolution. They had, since their arrival, been so kindly entertained

by chance friends in that hospitable city, that they found it difficult to sever the acquaintances so hastily made. The journey through the State of Pennsylvania was not without many pleasant incidents and recollections. They were shown many acts of kindness by the early settlers who greeted them with genuine hospitality, and some of the brief acquaintances made on the trip were, in after years, renewed and kept alive when some of them concluded to come farther west. I am unable to say how often this occurred, but one instance which was told me goes to show that all the world is kindred when united by acts of kindness. One cold stormy night in the winter, about twenty years after our travelers were settled in their new home, in Madison county, Illinois, a very prominent and honored physician and his family from Philadelphia, who had concluded to change their abode, knocked at the door and asked shelter for himself, his wife and three children, and their horses. They were given a hearty invitation to enter. When they were warming and being looked over you may imagine the surprised joy that was manifested by the inmates and their guests when they were recognized as being of the many who had shown them kindness at their home in Philadelphia when our travelers were on their journey west. The result was, the guest concluded to settle not far distant in Upper Alton. For the remainder of their lives the two families were true and attached friends. The name of this noted physician was Dr. J. B. Lathy whose reputation as a skillful practitioner became well known throughout this section, combined, as it was, with a character for honor, integrity and lovable qualities unsurpassed. It is with profound feelings of gratitude for many acts of kindness rendered to myself, my family and my kindred, that I am permitted to pay a small tribute to this noble man who for years answered the calls for professional aid, however, distant from his home, to relieve the sufferings of humanity, without thought of himself and, in most cases, without compensation. His memory is with us yet although his earthly remains have long since mouldered into dust.

Our travelers on their arrival at Fort DuQuesne (now Pittsburgh) chartered a flat boat with a pick-up crew, and

putting themselves and their earthly possessions aboard, floated with the current and by aid of improvised oars, down the rapid stream, making a novel and adventurous voyage to Cincinnati, arriving there about November 1st without any events of interest with the exception of a few encounters with combative ruffians who frequented the borders of civilization. The results of these differences were decidedly in favor of the voyagers who knew their rights and defended them with much vigor and to the discomfiture of the aggressors. In one or two cases when they neared the shore they pitched the ruffians into the river and left them to their fate.

On their arrival at Cincinnati they went into winter quarters, as they termed it, in a very comfortable house, with grateful hearts and pleasant memories of the trip. The family were not idle and soon formed pleasant acquaintances with opportunities to give instruction in music, artistic drawing, painting and botany for which they were well qualified, receiving therefor some small compensation, accompanied by pleasant social intercourse. The winter quickly passed and would have been associated with pleasant recollections had it not been for a sad event which clouded and wrecked the life of one of the fairest of these charming women, named Susan. Refined and with artistic talent, versed in literature and botany, trusting and confiding, with noble aspirations, she was courted and won by a southerner from South Carolina, a man with an attractive personality. He married her and took her to his southern home, with the best wishes of her friends, for a happy life, but the results were most disappointing. On arrival at her husband's home she was horrified, alarmed and bewildered to find out the true character of this man and his surroundings. She fled, not knowing or caring much how. She finally reached Cincinnati, crushed, broken-hearted and disgusted, resolved that she would live solely hereafter for those she loved and who loved her, laboring for the happiness of others and I can vouch for the faithful performance of this vow that was kept to the end of her long life. I feel reluctant to lay bare this event to which she, nor any of her family, ever alluded in any manner. During forty years of a most intimate association with

her the facts were only made known to me after her death, in 1887, by her sister, the last of that generation, who gave me the information of the event which clouded her long life. So saddened was she that a smile was rare. But her heart was filled to the utmost with love of her kindred and friends which was manifested in acts of kindness that spoke more than words could convey. When this sorrowful information was given me by the last of these lovely and gifted women, shortly before her own death, in 1900, at the age of 97 years, I felt that their earthly mission was complete, and my belief in the immortality of the soul, throughout eternity, was confirmed and strengthened.

Early in the spring of 1816, on the first suggestion that winter was over and the time of the singing of birds had come with all nature rejoicing in the advent of the season of foliage and flowers, the family engaged passage on a steamboat from Cincinnati, one of the first that made its appearance on western waters. The flat boat experience had given them quite enough of that mode of traveling, and a trip on a steamboat presented many attractive and novel features. They were anxious to reach their destination on the Mississippi at the earliest possible date. The Ohio at that season of the year was a rapid and much swollen river, but it presented many attractions. They severed the pleasant social relations with Cincinnati acquaintances with much regret but their first experience of steamboating soon dispelled all unpleasant thoughts: the beautiful river views, the distant bluffs and fertile bottom lands, presented so many interesting and fascinating aspects that they were rather sorry when they arrived at Shawneetown, the end of their voyage. After getting their belongings unloaded and indulging in a few days of resting they soon were on their way overland across the territory of Illinois. With but few adventures and the return to camping out and encountering the usual accidents that attend traveling through a wild, unsettled region, they arrived at St. Louis in the latter part of April. After spending a few weeks looking over conditions then existing, they concluded to go to St. Charles, a small town north of St. Louis. It is not at all surprising that the inducements for

settlement in what was then known as the village of St. Louis afforded little attraction for the band of people who had been accustomed to having friends and associates of a refined, cultured class of high moral character. They found nothing congenial, with a few exceptions, that conformed to their ideas of right living. The population of St. Louis, at that time, numbered from ten to fifteen thousand, many of a migratory or adventurous class.

I quote the words of Governor Reynolds in his history of the west in which he described the larger portion of the citizens or those dwelling in that city. A large part of the native American population had come from the border states with the strong prejudices of their class and with the customs and social relations of their original homes. The Southerners regarded the Yankees which included all emigrants from the northern states, as tricky scheming and pernicious race of peddlers filling the country with tinware, clocks and wood nutmegs. The Northerners thought the Southerner a lean, lank, lazy creature, hunting, living in huts, rioting on whiskey, dirty and ignorant. They misunderstood each other "perfectly." The population of St. Louis was very badly mixed, a few French who had been driven to this country during the period of the revolution in France; Spanish some of whom were mixed with half breed negroes and Indians; a lot of adventurous Americans from all parts of the country both north and south all willing to shirk and let others work, large numbers of whom talked loud in blasphemy and were to a large extent devoid of character. There were of course some very good people among them who led upright lives with fixed Christian principles and had a firm desire to do what was right and fair at all times, but they were few in number and unable to shape the course of events which were surely coming, to-wit: the fastening upon the Country the further extension of slavery, and under these conditions which prevailed it was useless to try and live peacefully among them. After living in St. Charles a short time the Paddock family returned to St. Louis. Mr. Paddock had spent most of his time in looking round for a permanent home that would be desirable. With his son-in-law Pascal P. Enos he had visited Illinois then a territory and had se-

cured a large tract of land near Edwardsville in Madison County, and they had cleaned up the land and built a cabin and were looking forward to the building of a house. Several years elapsed before it was ready to accommodate the family who meantime remained in St. Louis. During this time Mr. Paddock considered his home was in St. Louis and he was before long called upon to defend it under circumstances that showed his valor and fearlessness. The State of Missouri had been voted into the slavery ranks without very much antagonism but quite enough to engender considerable feeling among a large number who opposed it, and at that time a man's politics were held in esteem by many as being paramount to his religion and often gave rise to personal encounters. After the slavery question had been settled for Missouri a grand jollification with illumination of residences, public buildings, and business places was decided upon, and directed by those in authority. Notice was served upon the Paddock family to prepare to light up and join in the demonstration. Mrs. Paddock was indignant replying to this demand "that they would see" and dispatched a messenger to her husband then at the farm about thirty miles distant. When informed what was expected and demanded, Mr. Paddock mounted his horse and taking the trusty rifle which he had carried during the Revolutionary War he soon arrived at St. Louis and after a brief consultation concluded to refuse to light up and await results. When the evening had come to illuminate, the procession on passing the house noticed that no lights were visible, in fact all was in darkness. When the family returned to St. Louis after a short time spent in St. Charles, Mo., they rented the Chouteau Mansion which was quite an imposing stone house and continued to live in it during the entire time of their stay as they liked the mansion with its surroundings, it being centrally located. No doubt the committee of illumination were anxious for that particular house to be lighted up, and for that reason they insisted upon their request being complied with. On consultation they concluded to send a committee to find out at once why their request was refused. Mr. Paddock soon appeared and informed them that he had no intention of

lighting up and ordered them off the premises. He told them he had fought eight years for liberty and freedom and reaching behind the door he grasped his rifle and told them to depart, saying that he would kill the first man who attempted to storm the house, that they might kill him but he surely would die fighting. They at once concluded to abandon the threat they had made to storm the house and after some prominent men who were in charge of festivities had consulted together the mob retired in order, calling Mr. Paddock some hard names. It appeared that his fighting reputation when occasion required it, was well known to some of those present. I only mention this instance as one of the many annoyances that this loyal family had to encounter at times when public opinion was formed by prejudices hastily made without any real just cause and are led by a few men who disregard the rights of others, that know no law save that might makes right. Shortly after this event took place a similar one occurred when he was on the farm in Illinois that also required courage to assert and be ready to fight for the cause of freedom. The advocates of slavery who at that time shaped and dominated the course which the government policy pursued were in full power; and having bound the state of Missouri with the slave shackles they determined to fasten the same blighting influence upon the farming state of Illinois, and here let me quote from Reynolds' History of Illinois. The Constitutional Convention held in Philadelphia July 13th, 1787, passed a memorable bill, every Southern member voting for it. Then the great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, a vast empire the heart of the great valley was consecrated to Freedom, intelligence and honesty, and in the light of ninety-four years it is evident to all that this act was the salvation of the Republic and the knell of slavery. The law which was passed and which was totally disregarded when Missouri was admitted was "First, The Exclusion of Slavery from the territories; Second, The provisions for Public Schools giving one township and every sixteenth section in each township, that is one-thirty-sixth of all the land for Public Schools; Third, The provisions prohibited the adoption of any constitution or the en-

actment of any law that should nullify pre-existing contract.” It was upon this compact that another political battle was to be fought again in the admission of Illinois. The larger part of the territory, the southern portion, was settled by emigrants from Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina who were firm Southerners and claimed that the territories were alike for slave or free. This gave rise to much bitter feeling and when the time came for deciding by the ballot, whether Illinois should be free or slave, Edwardsville was one of the largest voting places in that section and a large crowd had gathered there. The voters were largely Southerners or their sympathizers but that did not prevent Mr. Paddock from going with his rifle and getting on top of a barrel and taking a slip of paper, he proceeded to read the names aloud first of those who favored slavery and then those in favor of free speech, free press and freedom. He then stated he had come armed to make a stand for a free state, free press and freedom and fight for it if necessary. At that time printed ballots were not in use and voters answered to their names, yes or no, as they were read aloud by the clerk of election from the list he had. It required courage, nerve and a firm determination to stand up for your convictions as to what should be done. Most fortunately the Free State votes outnumbered the opposition by a very few votes. When the full returns from the entire state were received, the Southern part, south of Springfield, voted largely for slavery. The Northern part redeemed the State of Illinois and the end was a glorious victory for freedom.

Very strangely this victory was largely due to the stand taken by a few men, among them was Edward Coles who was a noted leader, born and reared in Virginia, the owner of slaves which he had inherited from his father. He brought them into the territory of Illinois, gave them their freedom and 160 acres of land each. He organized the forces of freedom throughout the country, traveled day and night, writing, making speeches, urging the people to come and vote for free speech, free press and freedom. A most thorough and intense hater of the system of slavery, he lived to see his efforts crowned with success and a few years later was elected

Governor of the State. He was by nature a chivalrous, high-toned gentleman and a pure, practical philanthropist who labored for the amelioration of all mankind. He suffered much persecution and annoyance by the acts of demagogue politicians who urged on a suit in the courts in the name of a disreputable man. The lower court found judgment against him for several thousands of dollars for damages for freeing his slaves, a point of law without justice or equity tried before a partisan jury picked up for the occasion, but he promptly appealed it and the higher courts set the judgment aside and the prosecutors were assessed the costs and damages. He was much disgusted and after a number of years retired from politics, went to Philadelphia and lived there until his death. Nearly a century later the State of Illinois passed a bill appropriating \$5,000 for the erection of a suitable monument to this truly wise and far seeing patriot who saved the state, and for his great services deserves to live in the grateful memories of the people. I have departed largely from my subject, but it is my most earnest desire to bring forcibly to the notice of the readers, acts of personal devotion to fixed principles. When these important questions had been settled a better feeling prevailed among the people, difference of opinion became more tolerant and tranquillity was more apparent among all classes, with but one aim to build up and develop the resources of the country. Mr. Paddock removed the family to the farm about 1820 to enjoy the quietness of rural life, but still retaining the pleasant social acquaintances made while living in St. Louis that has been kept up by his descendants for several generations. Several years passed before they felt themselves fully at home amid the wild surroundings and trips to St. Louis with prolonged stays were frequent. The attraction of the gay life of the best French and cultivated American families was attractive and alluring to the younger portion of the family. Being skillful equestrians they thought nothing of mounting their horses and making the trip with its pleasant adventures. Arrivals and departures of noted men and women were frequent and when General Lafayette made his visit to St. Louis there was a rivalry among the social circles to see who could

or would pay him the greatest honor. One of the Paddock daughters who was noted for her beauty and accomplishments led the opening of the ball that was given in honor of Lafayette. In after years she was very fond of relating the conversation with the famous guest and often said that when the Ball was near its close General Lafayette on being told that her father was in the Revolutionary army and was present at Valley Forge was much impressed, and pulling off his glove that bore his name said "take this to him with my best wishes for his health." This was considered quite an honor and the glove has been highly treasured ever since. The Invitation to the Ball and the glove are now in charge of the Missouri Historical Society. While these events are not of any intrinsic value of themselves, they recall recollections of endeared friends and occurrences. The daughter referred to above was Julia and shortly after the Lafayette Ball she was married to a prominent man, Henry Reily, and lived in St. Louis for a number of years, but most unfortunately he was killed by an accident when traveling in the State of Missouri, leaving her a widow with two children. This bereavement was a very sad one and she at once gave up all society and returned to her father's farm. A post office was located on this old place named Paddock Grove and she was appointed Postmistress. She was the first woman to hold official position in the west, a position which she held for a number of years with general satisfaction. Of the many friends this family had in St. Louis none was endeared to them more than Mrs. George Gooding, the wife of Colonel George Gooding who had seen much of the Far West prior to the war of 1812. Colonel Gooding held many posts of importance during the period of the Indian Wars and was so unfortunate as to be in Fort Detroit with his wife when the surrender was made by a cowardly officer. It so incensed Colonel Gooding that he denounced the act most forcibly and was exchanged promptly and sent to Fort Snelling, now near St. Paul, Minnesota, then the most remote and dangerous post on the frontier. The Indians in that vicinity were soon brought under subjection by friendly advances without any bloodshed. M's. Gooding's adventures were most interesting. The Indians would not believe she was a

white woman as the Indians had never seen one and could not be convinced that she was not painted until she rolled up the sleeves of her gown, baring her arms, and they had been permitted to scratch until the blood came to remove their doubting curiosity. The encounters and adventure were vastly interesting when the army was forcing its way west among hostile Indians and at times the allied forces of both French and English.

It took several years before the family were fully weaned from the pleasures of the life in the rapidly growing city of St. Louis to the quietness and the sameness of life in the country. They felt the changed conditions but soon adapted themselves to the surroundings with a determination to enjoy and make the entire household happy and contented. Those who have lived in the country have noticed how many attractive sights the changing of the season presents. The members of the family found pleasurable occupations that they did not in any way look upon as work, as parental respect and obedience had been taught them from childhood and they labored with cheerfulness to render their parents happy. Having referred to some of their friends in St. Louis to whom they were much attached, I should feel derelict in my duty if a tribute to the memory of one of the most gifted men of that period, Charles Keemle, the editor and publisher of the St. Louis Reveille, was omitted. A natural born gentleman from Virginia of good family with a classical education, noble and high minded, the soul of honor and integrity, an accomplished linguist with a fine musical voice that could sing beautiful charming airs of Scotland, Ireland and England with the changing native pathos of each nation. Over six feet in stature and a perfectly developed figure that was remarkably attractive, a most eloquent and forcible speaker, he was their best and truest friend, one of the first acquaintances made when they came to St. Louis and whose life-long friendship they retained until the last. Often on a Saturday evening, Mr. Keemle and a son of Mr. Paddock would mount their horses and in a few hours would be at the farm to enjoy the companionship of the charming women and the aged mother and then return Sunday evening. This trip covered sixty miles or

more, and I remember the thrill of pleasure that I felt as Mr. Keemle sang those old Scotch airs with the accent so peculiar to their dialect, the Irish songs with the brogue that is so characteristic, the English ballads filled with romance, love and devotion, but he never forgot to sing the Star Spangled Banner and other patriotic songs of our country. On looking over the bound volumes of his paper published in 1843 to 1845, I found them filled with editorials of the most interesting reading in faultless English that would bring the blush of shame to many editors of present papers that are full of errors in syntax and etymology. While there may have been scandals at that time they were not published or given prominence with large headlines. Many articles were written by Susan that showed talent and told of interesting events that transpired in this locality. One article entitled, "The Real Wandering Jew," is an account of an actual occurrence that is full of mystery.

Of the many settlers who came into this vicinity in the early period from 1845 to 1848 there was none to whom this section was more indebted for a nucleus of an advanced society than that of the educated, highly cultured family of the Honorable Emanuel West who was Vice Consul from the United States to Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, a most important position at that time. Mr. West was a prominent lawyer in New York for many years and gave up his lucrative practice to accept the call of his country to represent it in Brazil. It was not long before this gifted man met and married the fair daughter of a prominent citizen, one of the old Spanish families living in the Capital. When Mr. West's term of appointment was completed and a change of the American administration occurred, he resigned and returned to the United States. He was led to believe that the Far West had rare possibilities and having purchased quite a large tract of land about four miles distant from the Paddock home he arranged to build a two story log cabin of large size. This was a big undertaking which it took nearly two years to complete, with outhouses, barns, sheds and shelter for stock and farm implements. The residence was imposing. After his return from Brazil, he remained for some time in New York, a little

slow to face the conditions of a frontier life, but he at last got together his household fixtures which were most costly but ill suited to frontier conditions and sailed from New York to New Orleans, then to St. Louis by steamboat, a long voyage, for it was over six months in transit. After numerous delays it at length reached its destination. It was the wonder of this section, for the furniture was of the most artistic design, satin trimmed and upholstered in a most expensive manner. When it was at last unpacked, put up and arranged in the log cabin it presented a most gorgeous appearance but was incongruous with its surroundings, and people came from long distances to look at this elaborately furnished cabin. I went with my aunts to call and look on this remarkable palace cabin, I think about 1844, though I am not sure as to the date, but I was very much impressed with everything on and about the place. The occupants of this frontier home soon learned to enjoy their backwoods experience and to understand that life among their neighbors was the climax of happiness, even though they had no congenial social subjects to discuss or consider with any of them except a few exceptionally well read and cultivated near by neighbors. Many of those who dwelt near were descendants of those pioneers who had followed the blazed trail of that adventurous noble soldier George Rogers Clark and his companions, and had availed themselves of every opportunity of obtaining an education. Several families living very near were remarkable for their desire to learn. Mr. Paddock's library was open to all and they borrowed, studied and read everything they could lay their hands upon, often until past midnight by the light of tallow dipped candle and hickory bark. One family was noted for its industry, frugality and determination to surmount all the complex problems that confronted it. It was the family of Louis D. Palmer. They had come from Christian County, Kentucky, in 1831 with but little of worldly possession, in fact they were poor in purse but rich far beyond all those with whom they dwelt in ability that knew no bounds nor yielded to any disappointment. Six sons and one daughter with their parents constituted this remarkable family. It was not long before the reward of their industrious life, their days of hard

work and their constant application and hard study at night enabled these sturdy boys to master the basis of an education, elementary, primary and the rudiments of the best English authors. Such application followed year in and out at last had its just reward. They all became prominent in the vocations they followed. One of them, John M. Palmer, won a record for valor in the Civil War, was military governor of his native state, Kentucky, during the most troublesome period at the close of the Civil War where he taught the unruly and rebellious citizens of that state a wholesome lesson of obedience to order that was based upon equality and justice, and shortly after the war he was elected Governor of Illinois by a large majority. Another member of the family, LeRoy Palmer, became judge of the highest courts in Iowa, and was noted for his wise decisions. Another of the brothers, Winfield Scott Palmer, became prominent in mercantile life and filled important positions. They often referred to their early life when working on their farm and the nights they spent in reading and studying the best authors, the undaunted efforts they made to reach the goal that only came with a fixed determination to succeed and surmount apparent impossibilities. The eldest son of Louis D. Palmer was the Rev. Elihu Palmer who became a noted Baptist preacher and underground railroad worker. There were quite a number of other families who lived in this vicinity that in after years won their way to positions of trust and prominence. I am unable to recall their names though they were often mentioned by my aunts when I made my yearly visits with them.

Mr. Paddock died in 1831. His wife survived him nineteen years. She died July 15, 1850. The family of Mr. Paddock resided for many years on the home farm where they dispensed a gracious hospitality and were well known for their kindness and charity.

This brief article on the life of Gaius Paddock, the soldier of the Revolution, was written by his grandson now in his 85th year, living in the old homestead which was located in 1816 in Madison County, Illinois. He is prompted by patriotic motives to mention some of the events that are more or less connected with the early history of our country with the hope of

awakening a more pronounced feeling of love and veneration for the memory of that valiant band of worthies, and inculcating into the present generation a more zealous feeling of patriotism, in the hope that it may strengthen, cement, and advance the glory of our country.

Gaius Paddock at the early age of 17 enlisted in the Revolutionary Army at the commencement of war with Great Britain and served his country until the close of the war. He lived at Paddock Grove, Madison County, Illinois, and died at St. Louis when on a visit at that place, August 11, 1831. He was born, November 2, 1758.